

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,
A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

FEB. 28, 1839.

NO. CLV.—NEW SERIES, NO. LXI.

{ PRICE 3d.
{ STAMPED, 4d.

At this season of the year, when the theatres are closed twice a week, and even the amusements of the public acquire a shade of gravity, we have frequently prayed the Bishop of London to open certain churches, where the organs are good, for performances of solemn music. Such an observance of Lent would be peculiarly decent and appropriate; the time, the place, the sober character of the amusement would all harmonize; Lent might be preserved from the dominion of profane vales and galloppes, and souls might be saved both musically and religiously.

The organ hitherto has been an instrument peculiarly under the jurisdiction of bishops. In order to hear it touched *artistically* and without reference to any peculiar religious service, musicians have been compelled to resort to it by stealth; but this scandal to the musical spirit of London, not to possess an organ on which public performances may be given without fear of the clergy, is, we are glad to say, likely soon to be removed. Thus a great benefit will be conferred on the rising talent of the age.

The new organ to be erected by Walker in Exeter Hall, will be a work of magnitude, well adapted, we expect, to give effect to the great productions of Bach. The pedals to C C C will contain four stops, which is somewhat of a step towards a German combination, and the three manuals will be on an unusually extensive scale for a concert-room organ. We look forward with pleasure to the completion of this work, which, it is said, will take place about July. Mr. Wornum, of the Music Hall, Store Street, has also made great progress with a large organ, containing two manuals—the swell to tenor C, the great organ to C C, with two octaves of pedals to C C C. This is the German scale; and the work is favourably spoken of by those who know it. We believe the instrument will not be entirely completed till after the present concert season.

Here, however, are the means which, though probably but the commencement of what is to be hereafter effected in London, will place the organ in its proper rank as the instrument of an artist. We have devoutly wished for the accomplishment of this object, as being one in which the progress of music itself is concerned.

"GOOD LADY HUNTINGDON," AND HER MUSICAL ACQUAINTANCE.

A biography of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon; * "good Lady Huntingdon," as she is sometimes called—is now in course of publication, which, as an authorized account of the life of a well-meaning and remarkable individual, as well as containing incidental notices of contemporary persons of interest or celebrity, appears to possess a value that might perhaps be less readily conceded to the proceedings, worldly or "other worldly," of the good lady herself. The work is of course running over with that peculiar sort of jargon, half cant, half rant, which—with the uneducated and the opaque—passes for the language of religious emotion, though to all persons of cultivated understanding or rational piety it appears to be, simply, the gasping incoherency of a half-witted enthusiasm, breathless with want of meaning. We meet here with those fond and endearing familiarities in speaking of or addressing the Deity, which, as tastes are various, are accepted by some as the acme of religious enthusiasm, by others as the suggestions of a blasphemous vulgarity. Of this jargon of a sect, we say, the work is naturally full; it comes over the ear like the twang of a jew's-harp, (to speak musically,) and is, to the religion of a noble mind what that twanging jew's-harp may be supposed to be to the music of the spheres. Nevertheless, as we have intimated, these memoirs possess many points of interest, and even something, probably, may be gained from viewing on a religious ground characters usually introduced to us under other relations.

We have been favoured with the proof-sheets of the number of this work for the ensuing month, in which we find a brief account of Lady Huntingdon's acquaintance with musicians of her day.

When we found that Lady Huntingdon had been intimate, during a considerable part of her life, with the great Handel, we confessed we looked for something new in the way of anecdote or private history; we thought that her ladyship could hardly help conceiving sufficient interest even in the temporal affairs of so extraordinary a man—in his genius and reputation—to induce her to place on record some, at least, of the circumstances, connected with his life and character, with which she must have become acquainted in that period; we hoped, not without reason, that these memoirs of her life and times would afford us at any rate a few particulars to relieve the comparative barrenness of that illustrious musician's own biography. But Lady Huntingdon has no compassion for poor posterity—no consideration for the (no doubt wicked) curiosity of the musical world, or the general reader—who would have given her ladyship, it is to be feared, more thanks for one good racy story of old Handel, than for all the well-meaning but tiresome and threadbare discourses with which these pages are so copiously interlarded. In fact, the mention of Handel in these memoirs is in every point of view characteristic. As there is something in the constitution of sectarianism which closely approximates it to the mercenary temper, or spirit of the shop, in its selfish eagerness to turn every thing to its own account, so we find this high-bred countess, with an unconscious meanness, making use of Handel on all the occasions of their intercourse, and apparently regarding him in no other light than as an object of convenience, whereby to advance the business of *Huntingdonianism*. She would seem to have looked upon him during life merely as a kind of musical preacher—somebody to go about with oratorios, while she went about with sermons. For his music or for himself, there is no appearance of her having cared two straws; but he might, she thought, with training, be

32d. 10. Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon." Simpkin and Marshall.

* come the Whitefield of music. Never was old lady more grievously deceived. Handel had nothing sectarian in him; his music was an universal, all-embracing, genial religion, flowing in no narrow, peculiar channel, but to all hearts, over all time, from deep and everlasting fountains. Was this man to be compressed into a meeting-house, whom cathedrals could scarcely contain? A likely preceptor in a Methodist chapel—that wrote the Israel in Egypt! No, no; he did “manifest a deep sense of religion,” as this memoir justly remarks; but he was not—and could not be—a Good Lady Huntingdon’s man. It has been, from time immemorial, we believe, the privilege of baffled proselytism to claim whom it pleased—on the principle, we suppose, that a trophy raised by the conquered cannot reverse the victory, and may be a harmless consolation for defeat. Lady Huntingdon appears to have fastened on poor Handel as soon as she heard he was dying, in hopes of making him instrumental to *Huntingdonianism*; and no doubt she worked upon his mind with such exhortations as we find up and down this book—inculcating the mild and pleasing doctrine of hopeless human villany and everlasting despair. But there is no appearance of her having made any impression of this kind on Handel, if she tried to do so. In spite of his age, blindness, and other infirmities, there is no proof, that we remember, of his having taken that vulgar revenge at the twelfth hour, which consists in turning round on our fellow-creatures and blackening their character and prospects, when we no longer feel satisfied of our own. All we learn from this memoir relating to Handel’s death, that we did not know before, is, that Lady Huntingdon attended him in his last illness; that he died, as he had lived, with a mind deeply impressed with a sense of religion, we knew already.

“Not long before his death, Lady Huntingdon saw him, at his particular request. ‘I have had a most pleasing interview (says her ladyship) with Handel,—an interview which I shall not soon forget. He is now old, and at the close of his long career; yet he is not dismayed at the prospect before him. Blessed be God for the comforts and consolations which the Gospel affords in every situation, and in every time of our need! Mr. Madan has been with him often, and he seems much attached to him.’”

If any progress had been made in insinuating the doctrines of what a friend of ours calls “the depravity-of-heart men,” or “the bind-him-fast-and-let-him-kick people,” we should be sure to have heard of it. Silence does not speak success.

But Lady Huntingdon had other musical acquaintances of whom she seems also to have made good use. Whom she could not convert, she seems to have set to psalm-tune writing—an appropriate penalty, perhaps.

“With most of the eminent musicians of her time Lady Huntingdon was well acquainted. Giardini, whose great taste, hand, and style in playing on the violin, procured him universal admiration, was a great favourite of her ladyship’s. Lady Gertrude Hotham, and Lady Chesterfield, who was esteemed one of the first private musicians of her day, gave occasionally concerts of sacred music at their residences; and there Giardini’s performance on the violin, in which at that time he excelled every other master in Europe, was heard with the most rapturous applause, and equally astonished and delighted all his auditors. At Lady Huntingdon’s request, he composed a few tunes to some of the hymns used in her chapels; and this circumstance becoming public, led Horace Walpole to say,—‘It will be a great acquisition to the Methodist sect to have their hymns set by Giardini.’ Some time after, he was recommended by Lady Huntingdon to the protection and patronage of Sir William Hamilton, whom he accompanied to Naples. About the same period there was another Italian musical composer and writer, with a name very similar—Tommaso Giordani, with whom Lady Huntingdon was also acquainted, and who had resided so many years in London, that he was almost as well acquainted with the English language and English style of music as any individual of his time. He likewise composed some hymn tunes, and particularly the well-known air called ‘Cambridge,’ adapted to the words—‘Father, how wide thy glory shines!’ &c. in Lady Huntingdon’s collection. Mr. Kent of Winchester, was also well known to Lady Huntingdon; Mr. Whitefield, and the Wesleys. “He composed some popular anthems and hymn tunes, which have long been in use among the Methodists. Few anthems have obtained more celebrity than—‘O, Lord, our Governor,’ ‘My song shall be of mercy,’ and ‘Hear my prayer.’”

Lady Huntingdon does not seem to have found any indications of psalmodic or other usefulness in Samuel Wesley—no doubt a refractory methodist; but

Charles appears to have been more docile, and to have fallen easily into the ranks of the hymn-tune manufacturers.

"Two of the sons of Mr. Charles Wesley afforded a very early indication of musical genius. Lady Huntingdon was so well pleased with the eldest, Charles, that she kindly offered her interest with Dr. Boyce to get him admitted among the king's boys." He was introduced by her ladyship to two eminent musicians of that day, Mr. Stanley, and Dr. Worgan, both of whom were extremely kind to him, particularly the latter, who frequently entertained him by playing on the harpsichord. Several years after Charles Wesley published a set of six hymn tunes—one of which, adapted to the words, 'In Christ my treasure's all contained,' was composed at the request of Lady Huntingdon. This little publication also contained the well-known hymn by his father on the death of Mr. Whitefield, set to music by Dr. Boyce, composer to his majesty George III."

THE MUSICIAN'S POETICAL COMPANION.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Gaiety and gravity. The laughable order of songs. Lists of those sold in the streets. A glimpse or two into the conjugal sympathies of Mr. and "Mrs. Johnson." Subtle remark of Shakspeare. Counterpart to the song of "Pretty Poll," in the Beggar's Opera.

As the want of O'Keefe's works prevented us from indulging ourselves with a humorous extract in our last number, and we almost hate as much to be baulked of a very good jest as of a serious pleasure, we propose to make up for the deficiency in our present. We should not relish a loving or pathetic song as we do, if we had no taste for a comic one. Venus, quoth the poet, hath Jest flying round about her,—

"Quem Jocus circumvolat, et Cupido ;"

and we cannot thoroughly feel for all tears, if we are not aware of all the pleasures which they may regret. Things (the logicians inform us) are known by their contraries—a very awkward mode, by the way, of knowing some things—such as riches, pleasant women, freedom from toothache, &c. He who wrote Lear for us, wrote Falstaff; and what made Mozart the most Shaksperian of musicians (for we are afraid there has yet been no absolute *Shakspeare* in music, equally great in laughter and tears.—Has there ?*) is the easy, masterly, and truthful variety of his moods, "from grave to gay,"—from the gown'd sages and solemn groves of the *Zauberflöte*, down to the light gentlemen and laughing intriguers of *Figaro* and *Così fan Tutte*.

But where to begin, and what to select? Some of our books unfortunately are absent; many lost; and a prodigious number *we never possessed!* (for we look upon all books as our own by right, that are in the houses of other people, and unenjoyed. It is astonishing what libraries we possess in this way!) It is amazing, also, what quantities of books ought to be *sent us!* especially of those that *are* enjoyed. Item, fresh copies (modestly speaking) of those that we have possessed, but have lost by lending, or that, with a shabby, because lamented, generosity, we have given away. We are in horrible want, for instance, of new copies of Tennyson's Poems, and of the "Songs" of Procter. Peacock's novels we must summon back again, out of some justly detaining grip, for their capital jovial lyrics (mad as two o'clock in the morning); and why does not somebody collect the songs of that glorious old boy, Captain Morris, who died the other day in the fullness of years and quips—so long does a genuine heartiness last, if not absolutely battered with adversity. There is also a popular genius, we believe, now flourishing in contubernial quarters between the East and West end of the town—Mr. Hudson—who enjoys the reputation of making people incapable of swallowing their neguses, and retaining their cigars in their mouths, by the unbearable risibility of his humours. We think we saw a production or two of his a few years ago, that were of a genuine sort, and should be glad if somebody would favour us with a sight of more.

* See Note at the end of this article.—Ed. M. W.

We fear we cannot find any thing on the instant, such as we thoroughly wanted, and "fit to make us all die with laughter." We must collect our stray volumes, in which they are to be found; and bethink us of something next best. We wish we could recollect, throughout, a song of Horace Smith's, about a braggart who "demanded satisfaction," and whose candid excesses of confession in the way of poltroonery never fail to convulse us. A Scotch ballad also comes into our mind, about "a gude man that came home at e'en," and regularly found symptoms of visitors that should not have been there—swords, boots, &c., which his wife, with immensest effrontery, translates into toasting-forks and milking-pails. We could never read it, without thinking it the most masterly thing in the way of sustained drollery that exists. It was printed in the late interesting collection of "English and Scotch Songs," edited by a son of Mr. Allan Cunningham, and therefore it may well wait before it be gathered into our's—for we purpose to sweep all into our net before we have done. "Tullochgorum," another admirable Scotch song, also in the same collection, if we are not mistaken (we shall see in a day or two, for this is among the books we do, *bond fide*, possess), we had the pleasure of finding named the other day, in one of those lists of songs, which the sellers of them about the street, repeat with a loud, hoarse, and mechanical gravity, so ludicrous for its mixture of grave and jocose:—

Forty-ninth.—The Maid of Langollen.

Fiftieth.—The Soldier's Cloak.

Fifty-first.—I couldn't think of such a thing.

Fifty-second.—Rory O'More.

Fifty-third.—Away to the Mountain's Brow.

Fifty-fourth.—Petticoat Government.

Fifty-fifth.—Oh no, we never mention her.

Fifty-sixth.—We met.

Fifty-seventh.—We parted.

Fifty-eighth.—We didn't.

Fifty-ninth.—Who are you?

Sixtieth.—The Agony Bill.

And so he goes on, getting hoarser with his elegancies, and fiercer with his mirth, till he fades away into the vista of fog and gin-shop.

We bought the penny book containing our old friend "Tullochgorum," and found in it one of the kind of songs of which we are now speaking—such as make you laugh out heartily. It is entitled "Mrs. Johnson," and is written with the greatest humour; we know not by whom; but these songs are sometimes adapted to a kind of public-house meridian, which, whatever right it has to its own mirth (and we don't grudge it a bit of it), does not always render its inspirations thoroughly quotable in every other. The following is a taste of it. "Mrs. Johnson" is the well-accorded spouse of Mr. Johnson, and their excessive conjugal sympathies are thus exemplified:—

To free and easies I repair,

My name is famous every where,

I very often take the chair,

And so does Mrs. Johnson!

Do you think I pay my penny? No,

I chants 'the Bay of Biscay, O!'

And like a lord my backey blow,

And so does—Mrs. Johnson.

At dancing I am quite a don,

To twop'ney hops I often run,

And I can shuffle, too—like fun,

And so can Mrs. Johnson!

At fighting I can take my share,

I am a match for any here,

A fighting man I am they swear,

And—so is Mrs. Johnson!!

'Bout dress I do not care a jot,
 Tho' once of clothes I had a lot,
 I've pawned all but the suit I've got,
 And so has Mrs. Johnson!
 Of trouble I have felt the shocks,
 And 'cause I gave a cove some knocks,
 I twice have been put in the stocks,
 And so has—Mrs. Johnson.

The moral is, that if two married people *agree*, no matter how, they stand a better chance of avoiding certain kinds of infelicity, than the most correct of those who dispute. It is a lesson that has been often preached, but seldom with such ethical boldness. Shakspeare has intimated it; for what has he not. He makes somebody say, in his play of Antony and Cleopatra, that Octavia, being the staidier woman, will make Antony the better wife. Not "*Antony*," is the reply; and it involves a deep reflection.

ENOBARBUS. You shall find, the band which seems to tie their friendships together (Antony's marriage with the sister of Augustus), will be the very stranger of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

MENAS. Who would not have his wife so?

ENO. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony."

We have sometimes fancied, that in this subtle remark (beyond the ordinary knowledge of men of the world, who from having had nothing but gross experience are apt to confound coldness with propriety), Shakspeare might have given the clue to what parted him from his own wife (if they did part); for it is not to be supposed that his conversation was very "cold, or still."

We will conclude this paper with a good humorous song, in default of a still better, which goes to the same tune as an obvious counterpart to it, in the *Beggar's Opera*. Aikin, in his "Vocal Poetry," conjectures that it was popular at the time of Gay's writing that exquisite satire; and pronounces it to be a "lively and singular piece;" which is a better criticism than what the Doctor has given us of Spenser's Epithalamium, which he said, "with a few judicious curtailments," might be "rendered a *pleasing piece*." Curtailement of an epithalamium! and of such an epithalamium! Cutting short the very luxury which is the essence of such productions! He might as well have proposed to curtail the tresses of Venus.

Pretty parrot, say, when I was away,
 And in dull absence pass'd the day,
 What at home was doing?
 "With chat and play
 All were gay,
 Night and day,
 Good cheer and mirth renewing;
 Singing, laughing all, like pretty, pretty Poll."

Was no fop so rude, boldly to intrude,
 And like a saucy lover, would
 Court and tease my lady?
 "A thing, you know,
 Made for show,
 Called a beau,
 Near her was always ready;
 Ever at her call, like pretty, pretty Poll."

Tell me with what air, he approach'd the fair,
 And how she could with patience bear,
 All he did and uttered?
 "He still address'd,
 Still caress'd,
 Kiss'd and press'd,
 Sung, prattled, laugh'd, and flutter'd;
 Well receiv'd in all, like pretty, pretty Poll."

Did he go away, at the close of day,
 Or did he ever use to stay,
 In a corner dodging?
 "The want of light,
 When 'twas night,
 Spoil'd my sight;
 But I believe his lodging,
 Was within her call, like pretty, pretty Poll."

NOTE BY THE EDITOR—MOZART AND SHAKSPERE.

The question raised in the foregoing article by our well-beloved contributor, relating to the Shaksperian character in music, will not, perhaps, admit of an unqualified answer, negative or affirmative, for it involves two points which may not be deemed coincident. We may say that a certain musician is the Shakspeare of music, meaning, simply, that such musician is the very first and greatest of musicians; or, using a more direct sort of criticism, we may stake the comparison on some grounds of special analogy—as in respect of that versatility, or alternation of the spirits, so extraordinary in Shakspeare, that surprising transition from "the winter of his discontent" to the jolly spring-time of his humour (*gratâ vice Veris et Favoni*), which, perhaps, more than all other characteristics, gives to this poet the stamp of a divine genius. (For, surely, if Shakspeare be compared to *Nature*, it can be on no argument better than that of his revolving through all the seasons of humanity, like *Nature* herself, from the gentle equinox of the affections, to the fierce solstice of the passions, warming and illuminating equally the whole circle of the human heart!) But you institute a more minute, and, perhaps, an impracticable parallel, when you match the musician and the poet at such nice games of skill, as "laughter and tears," and put the question—which was the greatest master of them? or, which combined the two in the most remarkable degree? This would suppose, what cannot be admitted, that the two arts are identical in scope and principle. For instance, we have always been of opinion—and we propose to take some opportunity of expressing ourselves more at length on this head—that music is naturally averse from mirth, and proportionately prone to melancholy; but poetry, by which we include the Drama in all its forms, is, at least, as open to the Comic as to the Tragic side of truth—perhaps more so. (Shakspeare himself inclines us to think so.) If this be true, then it may also be true that there has been in music, in strictness of comparison, "no Shakspeare"—as Mr. Leigh Hunt says; but that admission will not necessarily argue that there has been no composer as great, in relation to his art of music, as Shakspeare to that of poetry; their general grounds of claim might be, like their peculiar forms of claim, different—even as their respective arts, are different.

Thus much for argument. But now we are by no means in a condition to assert that music *has* had its Shakspeare; to assert *that*, would be to assert, that the resources of the art have already been thoroughly explored and brought into operation—which we do not believe. We are not bold enough—all enthusiasts, as we avow ourselves, of Mozart, of Handel, of Bach, of Beethoven, of Purcell, &c.—we are not bold enough, we say, to affirm that music has yet known a master of a relative greatness with Shakspeare—one so paramount, so universal, so sun-like in the unapproached glory of his light. There is not that distance between any two musical names which lies betwixt Shakspeare and the next poet. Music must either be allowed, therefore, to have many Shakspeares—or, to have none. We are, it is true, of opinion, that in respect of a marked idiosyncrasy—in the fact of his standing apart from all other musicians—in the being at once the greatest originator, the boldest adventurer, the wisest user of past experiences, yet farthest-reaching anticipator of future conclusions—in being, in fact, in every point of view, the most extraordinary man in his art—the one, standing out from all the rest in a solitary grandeur of his own—following no other—himself without followers—in this respect, we repeat, we are certainly of opinion that SEBASTIAN BACH might claim, if any might—equality with Shakspeare.

But a literal comparison destroys the parallel between them, as between any

other Musician and Shakspeare, and this for the reason before stated—namely, that the arts, though like in much, are *unlike* in much, and it is not possible for poet and composer to run a race together—not because they may not be equally fleet, but because, as it happens, they start in different directions. Music is pathetic by nature, sublime by impulse, cheerful by condition, comic—*by constraint*. It is evident then, that in the sense of one alike capable of the tragedy and the comedy of music—equally able to move “tears” and “laughter” by his music—there neither is nor ever can be a Shakspeare in that art. Perhaps one half of all literature is comic. What proportion of music belongs to the same class? One hundredth part, and that the worst! And as for “laughter,” it is rarely moved at all, even by music of the gayest description—excepting *vocal*, which, as we have elsewhere observed, is “music and *something more*.” With respect to the other sense, in which it might be said that a musician was the Shakspeare of his art, we have already stated the manner in which we are disposed to view that question.

These things being premised, we have only to say in conclusion that we fully subscribe to the estimate of Mozart formed in the foregoing article, and that we consider him—in all the more prominent and literal features, in respect of which such a comparison can be made—decidedly “the most Shaksperian of Musicians.”

In Mr. Leigh Hunt's article the week before last, in which Herrick's “Night Piece” appeared, mention was made of a latin translation of that little lyric, executed many years ago by an accomplished scholar and gentleman, one of the ablest living writers in the “Times” newspaper, whose “old Roman hand” is generally to be recognised, doing execution with a mixed strength and grace, the result of classical refinement engrafted on a vigorous understanding. We promised our readers to obtain the work in which this translation appeared, (The Reflector) and to insert the latter in our pages. Here it is; and we venture to say our classical friends will fully concur with Mr. Hunt in his praise of it. It is an elegant, and a spirited version, and only less musical than the original inasmuch as it is written in a less harmonious rhythm. Perhaps the Sapphic might have been the more eligible, because the more congenial measure. The infraction, in the last line, of a formality which most latin writers follow Ovid in preserving at all costs, manifests a freedom rather in unison with the manner of Catullus, and is attended with excellent effect.—Ed. M. W.

AD JULIAM.

Igniferos oculos tibi præstet reptile splendens;

Et tibi eant comites sidera quæque vagæ;

Et lemures, quorum scintillant lumina flammæ.

Præstant pedibus, turba benigna, facem.

Nec cursam fallat fatuus, dux perfidus, Ignis;

Nec te mortifero vipera dente petat.

Verum age carpe viam, neque sit mora—nam tibi nulli

Occurrent manes; eja age carpe viam.

Ne metuas tenebras: quid enim licet obruta somno,

Luna suam lucem, Diva maligna, neget?

Sidera sed certe, flammantia lumina noctis,

Monstrabunt, clare lampadis instar, iter.

Accipere ergo meos ne dedigneris amores;

Et mea nympha veni, ad me, mea nympha, veni:

Et tam quando pedes versus me admovent albos,

In te coniciam, Julia, totam animam.

REVIEW.

Non Temer. Cantata with an accompaniment for the Pianoforte, composed by W. A. Mozart.

This celebrated cantata with Pianoforte obligato, which has united all the fine voices and fingers extant from the days of Billington to the present, forms one of

a new edition of Standard works now publishing by R. Mills of New Bond Street. The piece is so well known in the concert room as one of the finest of Mozart's compositions, and has so long been the model of a certain kind of elegant chamber music, that we need say no more than advise those who have it not in their collection to procure it as soon as possible. The present edition is neat, elegant, and correct.

Beethoven's Works, edited by J. Moscheles. No. 8. Sonata for the Pianoforte and Violin, composed and dedicated to Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias, by Louis Von Beethoven.

Beethoven has no sonatas of a more beautiful and original character than those which compose his op. 30 for piano and violin. Every amateur who knows the work, will, at our mention of it, revive a hundred pleasurable recollections, and agree with us that those sonatas furnish the very *beau idéal* of extravagant poetical imagination, and daring musical thought, chastened and brought within the nicest limits of order. The work before us is the last of the set in G. To those who are unacquainted with it, we may say that it contains exquisite music of a capricious and playful, as well as tender kind. The powers of execution required by both performers, must be masterly, and not less the knowledge of style than the command of notes. All players who have not made themselves acquainted with this work, are daily losing pleasure.

Beethoven's Works, edited by J. Moscheles. No. 9. Grand Sonata for the Pianoforte and Violin, composed and dedicated to the Prince Rudolph, by L. Von Beethoven. Op. 96.

This sonata, one of the latest works of its author, is in a less obvious style of musical thought and design than the preceding, and is in great favour with the older and more thorough-paced admirers of Beethoven. Even in that remoteness to ordinary models and preconceived notions which makes a composition difficult to be understood or enjoyed at first, there sometimes dwells a world of *ideal* beauty and expression; and in no composer do we find this more exemplified than in Beethoven. Those who fully understand him, gain new perceptions, and have a theory of beauty of their own. In the quiet air and unpretending character of this sonata, there seems little to alarm players; its style however, is proportionably difficult, and in truth, it requires high talents and very great judgment to make the work go with effect.

Scherzo for the Pianoforte, composed by Sigismund Thalberg. Op. 31.

A bravura piece in C sharp minor \sharp —thanks to M. Thalberg, not one of his impossibilities—like the fantasia on the Huguenots, or that on the prayer in Mosé. The music comprises many of the striking effects that have originated with Thalberg;—doublings of the melody in the inner parts, wide dispersions of the harmony, &c., without taxing the player with any of those monstrous ten-fingered exertions to unite the harmony of the whole instrument, which put many ladies and not a few gentlemen *hors de combat*, before a piece is half over. The music of this Scherzo is both characteristic and attractive. It contains an abundance of show passages, demands great variety in their touch and delivery, and has a spirited and brilliant conclusion—the whole well fitted to give *éclat* to performance at a party.

Rule Britannia. Newly harmonized for Four Voices. By Vincent Novello. N.B. The separate Vocal Parts and the Orchestral Accompaniments for a Full Band, may be obtained of the Publisher.

The four verses of our noble national tune have been arranged by Mr. Novello, as a solo and chorus, duet and chorus, trio and quartet and chorus. In this form it is best calculated to create effect when executed at any solemn festival or popular meeting. That the harmonizing is simple, nervous, and quite in character with the tune, the name of the arranger is a sufficient pledge. And it is far better that tunes like the one before us, and "God save the King," so frequently called for on public occasions, should be performed from some authorized standard, than committed to the wild fancies and notions of extemporaneous harmony which the singers may have picked up. Thus we shall have nationality, good harmony and loyalty in unison.

THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

The following correspondence between Lord Wodehouse, Robert Fellowes, Esq., and Sir George Smart, relative to the nomination of Sir George to conduct the Festival, is copied from the *Norwich Mercury* of Saturday last:

"To the Right Hon. Lord Wodehouse.

"My Lord.—I learn from my friends at Norwich, that you did me the honour, at a meeting relative to the proposed Musical Festival there, to move for my engagement as the Conductor. Allow me to say that I feel highly flattered by such nomination, because it assures me that my professional reputation is held in high esteem by your Lordship, and for this cause I the more regret being obliged to decline any engagement with the Festival, my reason for which is as follows:—Having seen the list of Guarantees, and been informed who amongst them are to form the Committee of Management, I find the names of some who were on the Committee of 1836, and as upon that occasion I was not treated with that confidence which I felt was due to the Conductor, I am unwilling to act again with those gentlemen, being aware that many unpleasant altercations must arise, whereby the interests of the Festival may be involved; and as I have no desire to be in any way, either directly or indirectly, the cause of party feeling, I deem it better to decline any connexion with the forthcoming Festival.

"Permit me to repeat my grateful acknowledgments for your Lordship's kindness,

"And remain, my Lord, your obedient servant,

"Feb. 6, 1839."

"GEORGE SMART."

"To Sir George Smart, &c. &c. &c."

"Kimberley, Feb. 7, 1839."

"Sir,—I had the honour of receiving your letter, and though I much regret that our Musical Festival cannot have the advantage of your assistance as Conductor, yet, under the circumstances which you mention, I have no doubt that your determination has been prudent, and certainly it has been adopted with a wish for the prosperity of the Festival.

"I have the honour to remain, your obedient humble servant,

"WODEHOUSE."

"Shottisham Park, Feb. 9th, 1839.

"Sir,—I have just received your letter of the 6th inst. I had the honour to propose that you should be requested to undertake the management of the Festival, which was promptly seconded by Lord Wodehouse. I had previously received a letter from the Mayor of Norwich, requesting me to become a guarantee. My answer was a conditional one, viz. '£50, provided Sir George Smart is the sole manager.' I then received a second letter from the Mayor, requesting me to attend a meeting on Saturday last (2nd), as he said he could not put my name down conditionally. I am very sorry the Festival must be deprived of your valuable assistance, but my feelings on the subject entirely agree with yours, and as soon as I heard the names of the committee, I felt the impossibility of your acting with them.

"I shall consequently withdraw myself from all further interference in the business, as my object is defeated; and I am sure that your determination is known, it will cause a very general feeling of regret in the county.

"I have the honor to be, Sir, your very faithful and obedient servant,

(Signed) "ROBERT FELLOWES."

"To Sir George Smart, &c. &c. &c."

"The refusal of Sir George Smart to take the post of conductor, casts a gloom upon the outset of the arrangements for the Festival, which we fear is only the harbinger of, if possible, further disaster. We know not who will occupy his place, and cannot, therefore, be suspected of invidious comparison, in the few remarks we are about to offer on this subject; we boldly and unhesitatingly declare our opinion, that whatever the circumstances which have occasioned the retirement of Sir George, it will be deeply deplored by every member of the musical profession. The proposer of Sir George says, 'That a very general feeling of regret will evince itself throughout the county of Norfolk.' By any musical man, and more especially the professors who, throughout his long and triumphant career, have been guided by his baton, this intelligence will be received with the deepest mortification. Implicit confidence of the band in their conductor is indispensable for the perfect performance of music: that Sir George Smart has, on all occasions, possessed that confidence in an unprecedented degree, needs not our confirmation. An illustration of this fact came within

our own knowledge at the Royal Festival held in Westminster Abbey, 1834: Two of the band on that occasion only remained of the former one, of which the latter was the jubilee, we were at the elbow of one of them at the first rehearsal, as he ran his bow over the string of his viola, he said, 'Old as I am, I feel more comfortable at my desk than when, fifty years ago, I stood on this same spot, for we had not then a Sir George Smart for a conductor.'

"That any arrangement should have been permitted, that could have the effect of preventing Sir George Smart accepting the conductorship, is to us a matter of great surprise, however it seems "The die is cast"—but we cannot finish the quotation, for we venture to predict that a murmur of discontent will pervade the whole orchestra, from the first rehearsal to the concluding chord of the performance.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

BLAGROVE'S SECOND QUARTETT CONCERT.—Messrs. Blagrove, &c. gave the second of their series of concerts on Thursday last, when they performed three full pieces, *viz.* a quintett of Onslow in E minor (Op. 19.), a quartett of Mozart in B flat major (op. 10), and another of Beethoven in C major (op. 59); and a sonata of the last named composer in C minor (op. 30) for pianoforte and violin. The latter is a composition full of exquisite feeling, and was executed by Messrs. Schulz and Blagrove with great care and precision, but we should have been glad to have had "more Prussian fire," as Naumann would have said. In aiming at a mechanical perfection, Blagrove not unfrequently defrauds us of the other and better part of all performance, feeling; not that he has not got it, when he chooses—or the nature of his music permits him—to bring it into exercise, but that in postponing it to execution, he occasionally forgets to bring it in at all. This capital player should remember that performance consists not alone in *action*, but in *passion*; not alone in "doing" but in "suffering;" in the former his lesson is perfect—in the *passive voice* he has still, we venture to tell him, some tenses to learn.

Nothing could go more perfectly in time, tune, and the spirit of ensemble, than Mozart's quartett in B flat. Blagrove's fine tone and clear expression were here throughout in their most effective operation. Never was quartett better led, never was leader better supported. These four unrivalled quartett players have the art of putting a meaning and an interest into every note they play, but without constraint or artificiality; they are never guilty of extravagance or affectation, or that which is analagous to a bombastic delivery in elocation; they never "mouth it" or overdo it, "as some of our players do."

In a new song by Spohr (clarinet obligato) called "The Bird and the Maiden," Miss Birch satisfied our ears by her voice, and our presumption of the author's intention by her expression, and there only remained to give satisfaction to our understanding, by letting us know what it was all about. But *this* Miss Birch was determined to keep a secret; we question if one individual in the room heard a syllable of the words she was singing. It was only by accident we found out that they bore reference to a certain bird "that sat on the greenwood spray in the sweet and balmy month of May." This we discovered on getting home, when it seemed we had forgotten to turn a leaf in the concert bill in which the words were given, being "by T. Oliphant, Esq." Here we found it asked, among other things,

"What sang the bird on the greenwood spray?"

and, again,

"What sang the maiden gay?"

to which queries, for the reason already stated, certainly no one of Miss Birch's hearers was in a condition to reply, who, like ourselves, might not have seen the printed words. "The Bird and Maiden" was encored, and again were we at a loss whether to derive the words from the Greek, the Arabic, or the Anglo-Saxon. We advise Miss Birch, who has a voice that every poet must desire to

hear delivering his lines, to take lessons in articulation from the *talking canary* now exhibiting in Regent Street, which pronounces several words like a Christian. This is "the bird" to which for the present we commend "the maiden."

We have hardly room to notice "The Grave-digger," which Miss Wyndham, in an entire dress of black, gave in a very sexton-like manner. We must not joke, however, for to say the truth, the performance was a very admirable one; it displayed Miss Wyndham's powers of musical declamation in a very striking point of view. We may safely say that Miss Wyndham was *encored* rather than the song.

The third of these Blagrovian concerts will take place on Thursday evening next, 7th March.

THE TALKING CANARY.—We were somewhat diverted at receiving a ticket of admission for the Talking Canary; it seemed to imply a notion on the part of the proprietor, that his bird came fairly into the rank of public musical performers, and to bespeak a desire that it should be visited by us for critical purposes. We are free to confess that we have heard worse singers, and visited less interesting bipeds. "Little Dicky dear," as he calls himself, (and his whole talk is about himself, except a particular part that has reference to the queen), is a sweet little fellow, standing two inches and a half high, who sings and talks with good emphasis by the hour, in a manner that makes people wonder where all the breath comes from that passes through his interesting little body. His articulation is perfect, and in this respect he may be mentioned as honourably distinguished from most other public singers. He has "a good shake," which will ruin Mrs. Blaine Hunt, for it may be had for one shilling, while hers costs three. This shake somewhat resembles the tinkling of a bell, and "dear little Dicky's" lord and master informs us that he (dear little D.) distinctly intends it as an imitation thereof. We would not offend dear little D. by appearing to question the fact of a downright resemblance (and the same authority informs us, that if only the bell handle were touched, D. would begin this same super-human—no, no—*super-birdly* gargurization, alias *tintinabulation*, alias "good shake;") but certainly, whether a shake or a bell, or only a gargurization, it is very extraordinary of little D. to do it at all. And as to his vocabulary, to which the printed announcement of his performances says, he "is constantly making additions," it is enough to puzzle a lexicographer. We shall have the Walkers, and the Sheridans, and the other pronouncing-dictionary men at their wits ends.

CHORAL HARMONIST'S SOCIETY.—The fifth meeting took place at the London Tavern on Monday. It had been proposed to perform Beethoven's grand mass in D on this occasion, but want of the necessary time to prepare this arduous undertaking caused it to be postponed. The more familiar and more generally pleasing mass in C was therefore substituted. Mozart's *Davidde Penitente*, a cantata seldom heard complete, was performed on this occasion *entire*, and constituted the chief attraction of the evening. Miss Birch sang the air *Lungi le cure ingrato* beautifully. Her temporary absence has not detracted from the favour which she has long enjoyed at these concerts. Misses Birch and Dolby in the duet *Sorgi o Signore*, and Mr. Bennett in the celebrated air *A te, fra tanti affanni* deserved equal praise. The wind instruments to the like song were finely played, and derived much from the assistance of Barret the fine oboist. The choruses, with the single exception of the double chorus *Paniscimi*, which would have been improved by more study, were very effectively performed. The second part consisted of Festa's charming madrigal "Down in a Flowery Vale," which was *encored*; a selection from *Fidelio*, including the overture; a scene by Romberg, entitled *Longing Desire*, on a poem by Schiller; a duet by Handel, sung by Miss Birch and Miss Dolby, and accompanied on the piano forte by Mr. Lucas, and the march and chorus of priests from the *Ruins of Athens*, by Beethoven. The selection was much enjoyed by a crowded audience, who showed their interest in it by remaining till the end.

THE PURCELL CLUB.—A society, established almost by accident, but which has for its object the support of one of the most illustrious, as well as the most unjustly neglected composers that ever adorned the art of music in this or any other country, will find warm sympathy from every enlightened friend of the arts. The

anniversary meeting of this now important and prosperous society, took place at the Sussex Hotel, Bouverie Street, on Friday, when about sixty professors and amateurs sat down to dinner.—Mr. E. Taylor, the Gresham professor, in the chair. The selection of music performed comprised a variety of style scarcely to be paralleled in any other author, though few of the pieces had been given at previous anniversaries. We may notice in particular the Gloria Patri in C minor, the Motet, *Jehova quam multi*, the full anthem *Hear my Prayer*, the Gloria Patri from the Jubilate in D, Awful Matron from the Dublin Commemoration Ode, the Cantata, *Fly swift ye hours*, which was beautifully sung by Hobbs, the trio and chorus *Triumph victorious Love*, the Catch, *Soldier take off thy Wine*, the song *Hence with your trifling Deity*, together with a pretty large selection from Dioclesian.

Among the members present were Turle (conductor) who accompanied the pieces with judgment and delicacy, Bellamy, Hobbs, Francis, Hawkins, King, Moxley, Bayley, Dando, Hullah, Fitzwilliam, Newsom, Clifton, Lord, and Lucas. The president was supported by Sir G. Wilson, and the Hon. Mr. Fitzherbert, Mr. Capel, Mr. Cartwright, &c. The treble parts were well sustained by the young gentlemen of the Abbey. An interesting historical notice of the various pieces performed was given by Mr. E. Taylor previously to their performance, and added much to the enjoyment of the company.

The Purcell Club originated in the lectures given on that musician by Mr. E. Taylor. It was lamented by the singers that such national music should want support. A meeting was arranged, which was at first private, then public, at length a club consisting of twenty professional and twenty non-professional members was established. The club has an annual meeting at Westminster Abbey in July, where, by permission of the Dean, the whole morning service is selected from the works of Purcell. On this occasion the whole professional strength of the club is given to the choir, and the music has unwonted effect. At the dinner in February, the secular compositions of Purcell take the lead and form the chief attraction. Purcell is one of the musicians who will live again, and this society is powerfully aiding in the good work of his restoration.

MORI AND LINDLEY'S CLASSICAL QUARTET CONCERTS.—The performance of Monday commenced with a double quartet of Spohr which we did not hear. Miss Masson and Mr. Horncastle sung expressively in the duet *Fairest Maiden* by the same master. A quartet by Beethoven (one of the Razamoffsky set) in F, played by Mori, Mori, jun., Tolbecque and Lindley, found but partial success. The style of the music was so eccentric, the difficulties were so excessive, and the rhythm so difficult to comprehend, that there were few who did not listen rather with a desire to understand the author, than an assurance that they really did understand him. Performers who are familiar with the music assure us that it may be much better rendered; a fact rendered sufficiently evident by the strong desire manifested by the leader to keep his party in time. It injures the effect of quartet performance when the time is too palpably marked. We are bound to say of the slow movement and finale, that they appeared to us full of noble thoughts, and conceived in a strain of magnificent invention, to which in passages much justice was done. Mori's tone sounded beautifully, and his son shows a discretion beyond his years as an accompanist and quartet player. He has evidently been in a good school. A prelude and fugue of Bach in E minor was played by M. Benedict and Signor Dragonotti. Those who knew this work as an organ fugue (the last of the six grand fugues with pedal obligato, German edition) must have found it a mere skeleton, or rather a ghost of a performance with a piano and double bass. We heard Miss Stirling play it at St. Paul's at the rehearsal of the charity children last year, and the year previously at St. Sepulchre's. The fugue in particular requires the might and grandeur of the organ for its powerful contrasts of stately and decorative passages; on the piano forte it has a character of flippancy. The prelude, however, was charming, and was executed by Mr. Benedict with a flowing, connected, and beautiful touch. The gem of the second part was a grand concertato duet by Mozart, for two pianos, played by Messrs. Benedict and Schultz. It is long since we have heard a performance that has exhibited such genuine fine taste, such an absence of the manner and conventionality of the concert room, and such truth to the

author. It was Mozart played in his own spirit; and when we know how the pernicious desire to create effect distorts the native simplicity of musical phrases, and that the distortion is a vice of public playing, we know how to appreciate its opposite. Both Benedict and Schultz played like men more anxious for the fame of the author, than ambitious of personal display, hence the great expression, the *naïve* simplicity, the neatness and soul of their performance. Every hearer coincided in opinion upon its merit. The room was crowded.

MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—The fifth meeting of the season was held at Freemason's Tavern on Thursday the 21st. Sir John Rogers presided, and among the company was the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.

The pieces performed, were as follows:—

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|
| I will sing of thy power..... | 5 Voices, Dr. Greene. |
| Bright Phoebus Greet..... | 5 Voices, by Kirbye. |
| I love, alas!..... | 5 Voices, Morley. |
| Like two proud armies..... | 6 Voices, Weelkes. |
| While others crowd..... | 4 Voices, Dr. Tye. |
| Cruel behold!..... | 5 Voices, Wilbye. |
| Upon a bank..... | 5 Voices, Ward. |
| Come, woe! Orpheus..... | 5 Voices, Byrd. |
| Al suon..... | 6 Voices, Marsenzio. |
| We shepherds sing..... | 5 Voices, Weelkes. |
| Dimmi donna Crudel..... | 5 Voices, Ferretti. |
| When all alone..... | 5 Voices, Converso. |
| Fa! la! la! (the Wayttes)..... | 4 Voices, Saville. |

Many pieces were encored, and the music was much enjoyed. By preserving a record of the performances of an important society like the Madrigal Society—which we hope to do in future—we conceive that we shall render a service to provincial Madrigal Societies, and gratify the friends of good music in general.

COURT OF BANKRUPTCY, BASINGHALL STREET, Feb. 21.

(Before Mr. Commissioner FONBLANQUE.)

THEODORE AUGUSTUS DULKEN'S BANKRUPTCY.

This was the day fixed for the proof of debts, and the choice of assignees against the estate of this bankrupt, described as an haberdasher and proprietor of a German repository of fashion in Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, but much better known as the husband of Madame Dulken, the celebrated pianist.

The court was crowded with creditors, among whom were observed many of the musical profession.

Debts were proved by Mr. G. Hensman, of the firm of Turner and Hensman, Basing Lane, who produced letters from the bankrupt requesting assistance, and concluding with an assurance that he should be able to liquidate his liabilities from sources the produce of Madame Dulken's lucrative engagements in the country. Other parties were examined with reference to bill transactions of a complicated nature. A great number of undisputed proofs were then filed, and Mr. Carter was chosen the assignee. Upwards of 2000*l.* of debts was proved at this sitting.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NORWICH FESTIVAL.—At a meeting of the guarantees held on Saturday last, Mr. Edward Taylor was elected conductor for the ensuing Norwich Festival.

SPÖHR, we hear, is likely to visit us this season.

THE MUSIC of "LES HUGUENOTS" is to be adapted to a new drama at Drury Lane. We doubt much, the success of such an experiment.

M. LAPORTE has succeeded in engaging Pauline Garcia for part of the approaching season, which will commence on the 9th of March.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY CONCERTS are fixed for March 23rd, April 27th, June 8th, and July 6th.

MELODISTS.—The second dinner of this club will take place to-day, to which Cipriani Potter, Sedlatzek, and Lindley have been invited.

PHILHARMONIC.—The gathering of this splendid band will take place on Saturday morning for the rehearsal of the first concert, to take place on Monday evening. A new vocal duet by Spohr, will be among the novelties, of which musical report speaks highly.

MUSIC IN ALGIERS.—The operas of *Belisario*, *La Norma*, *Torquato Tasso*, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*, are now constantly performed at the Italian theatre in Algiers; notwithstanding the prices of admission are high, the house is constantly well filled. It is in contemplation to establish a Vaudeville theatre with the remains of a French company, which last year attempted to form there a theatre for regular tragedy and comedy.—*French Paper*.

SCALE OF FOREIGN FESTIVALS.—The late musical festival which took place in the Riding School at Vienna, at which Haydn's Seasons, (the only ones which never change, but always remain fresh and new), were performed, was in every respect the grandest ever heard in that city. The orchestra consisted of two conductors, one conductor at the pianoforte, two principal violins, three solo-singers, 268 sopranos, 166 alti, 170 tenors, 200 basses, fifty-nine first violins, fifty-nine second violins, forty tenors, forty-one violoncelli, twenty-five contrabassi, thirteen flutes, twelve oboes, twelve clarionets, twelve bassoons, four double bassoons, one ophicleide, twelve horns, eight trumpets, nine trombones, four pair of drums, six tambourines, two triangles, one long drum. In all, one thousand, one hundred, and thirty-two persons. Notwithstanding this mass, the music went excellently.

JOHN KEMBLE.—Perhaps no man ever acted so completely up to a character as Kemble. For the time he almost imagined himself to be the very thing he represented. The example to the above rule happened one night at a provincial theatre, when John performed the character of Brutus. The unfortunate wight who that evening represented Marc Antony, fatigued by his exertions, sought behind the scenes refreshment from a tankard of cool porter. John making an exit from the stage, caught the noble Antony in the very act! He shrank aghast from the horrid sight! Marc Antony drinking porter! Kemble struck the offending pewter pot from the actor's hands, ran to his tiring room, threw himself on a sofa, and much time elapsed before his brother actors could prevail upon him to continue the performance.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Three thousand extra copies of the "Musical World" will be printed next week, and forwarded to the principal towns in the kingdom.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Various communications received which we have this week no time to particularize.

MUSARD'S FAVOURITE QUADRILLES, performed at the Promenade Concerts at la Musard, published by T. Boosey and Co., Foreign Musical Library, 28, Holles Street, Oxford Street.

ONE PERFORMER.

1. Le Danois and Les Echos, each 4s.
2. L'Espagnol and Venise 4s.
3. Rome and Le Brise du Motin, each 4s.
4. Le Proserit and Micheline, each 4s.
5. Les Gondoliers and Naples, each 4s.
6. Ludovic and Prison d'Edinburgh, each 4s.
7. Echos Suisse and Paris, each 4s.
8. Le Pré aux Cleres, 2 Sets, each 4s.

TWO PERFORMERS.

1. Les Ravissantes, by Nordman, 4s.
2. Les plus-Belles, by Sieber, 2 Books each 3s.
3. Nathalie, 2 sets, each 4s.
4. Le Danois and Les Echos, each 4s.
5. Les Espagnols and Venise, each 4s.
6. Les Bayadères, 2 sets, each 4s.
7. Les Somnambules, 2 do., each 3s.

STRAUSS, LANNER, and MARSCHAN'S WALTZES.

The following NEW and FAVOURITE SETS of WALTZES by the above admired Triumvirate of Waltz Composers, are published as above:—

STRAUSS.

Philomenen; Elizabethen; Brüssler Spitzen; Bal Rocketten; Eisenbahn, &c. &c.

LANNER.

Hymen-feier; Pesther; Abenteuer; Amelie Isabella, &c. &c.

MARSCHAN.

Amusemens des Belles; Le Bon Ton; Maître de Plaisir; Souvenir de Danse; Zephyr, &c. &c.

Also, just published, "Les Capricieuses," Valse Nouvelle par Nadaud, &c. "Les Fietres de la Jeunesse," par H. Laurent (aged 12), &c. Complete Catalogues of Musard's Quadrilles, and Strauss, Lanner, and Marschan's Waltzes may be had gratis.

QUARTETT CONCERTS.—FOURTH SEASON. HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

Messrs. **BLAGROVE, GATTIE, DANDO, and LUCAS**, beg to inform the Public that the **THIRD QUARTETT CONCERT** will take place on **THURSDAY EVENING NEXT** March 7th, to commence precisely at half past Eight o'clock. The instrumental part of the selection will consist of Beethoven's Quartette in C sharp minor, No. 16; Mozart's Quintett in A, with clarinet obligato; Hummel's Pianoforte Quintett in E flat minor; and a Quartett by Haydn. Vocal and instrumental performers, Miss Masson, Miss Birch, Messrs. Willman, Benedict, Howell, Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas.

Tickets Seven Shillings each; or, to Subscribers four for a Guinea (admissible at either concert of the series) may be procured of the Conductors; of Messrs. Cramer and Co., Regent Street; Messrs. Chappell and Co., Bond Street; and Messrs. Collards, Chapside.

CRAMER, ADDISON, & BEALE'S LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

HANDEL, HAYDN, MOZART AND BEETHOVEN.

One Hundred of **HANDEL'S CHORUSES** arranged for the Pianoforte, by J. W. Holder, Mus. Bac. Oxon, in 3 vols. price 21s. each.

HANDEL'S SONGS, Duets, and Trios, with an accompaniment for the Pianoforte, adapted by Wm. Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon, in 3 vols. 26s.

MOZART'S CONCERTOS for the Pianoforte, with or without accompaniments, edited by J. B. Cramer, in 1 vol. 42s.

BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS, for the Pianoforte, edited by J. Moscheles, complete in 3 vols. 42s. each.

BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS for the Pianoforte and Violin, complete in 1 vol. 31s. 6d.

BEETHOVEN'S CONCERTOS, Variations, Trios, &c., edited by J. Moscheles.

CLEMENTI, CRAMER, DUSSEK AND HUMMEL.

The best Lessons, Sonatas, Exercises and Studies for the Pianoforte, by the above eminent Masters.

THALBERG AND DOHLER.

The latest compositions of the above unrivalled Pianists, including Döhler's Grand Fantasia on airs from "The Gipsy's Warning," and Thalberg's celebrated Scherzo Opera, 31s.

N. B. Thalberg's Andante will be published on the 11th of March, and the Grand Fantasia on the Prayer from Rossini's Moise on the 20th of the same month.

MOORE AND BAYLY.

"The Dream of Home," and "The Homeward March," the two latest ballads by T. Moore, Esq. "Long, Long ago," a new ballad by Haynes Bayly, Esq.

Cramer, Addison, and Beale 201, Regent Street.

MENDELSSOHN AND BENNETT.

Overtures, Symphonies, Concertos, Duets, &c. for the Pianoforte, by the above distinguished Composers.

* * In a few days will be published, a new duet in the style of a military overture, composed for the Pianoforte, by F. Mendelssohn.

ROSSINI AND DONIZETTI.

Messrs. Cramer and Co. have published a complete edition of the following **STANDARD OPERAS** arranged for the Pianoforte, by A. Devaux:—"Don Juan," "Fidelio," "La Gazza Ladra, and Oberon."—**DONIZETTI'S** "L'Elisir d'Amore," and **ROSSINI'S** "Il Barbiere," are just ready, 6s. each.

MOSCHELES AND BENEDICT.

Concertos, Fantasias, and brilliant compositions for the Pianoforte, by the above eminent artists; also Moscheles's Grand Characteristic Studies, performed by the Author at his matinees of Pianoforte Music.

DE BERIOT.

In a few days will be ready, six new brilliant compositions in the form of Studies for the Violin, with an accompaniment for the Pianoforte (ad lib.) composed by C. De Beriot. These compositions have been lately performed by the Author, and received with the utmost enthusiasm at the public Concerts in Paris.

FARINELLI.

Barnett's new opera—"The Gipsy's Warning," Benedict's last opera—"Falstaff," Balfe's Italian Opera—and "Amelie," Rooke's popular opera, are published by Cramer and Co., 201, Regent Street. Also the various arrangements of the same as single pieces and duets for the Pianoforte by W. H. Callcott.

Cramer, Addison, and Beale 201, Regent Street.

NAPOLEON. On the 28th instant will appear, Part I, price Two Shillings, and No. 4, price Sixpence, of the **HISTORY OF NAPOLEON**; from the French of Norvins, Laurent (de l'Archeve), Bourrienne, Las Casas, the Duke de Rovigo, Lucien Bonaparte, &c.: with Abstracts from the Works of Hazlitt, Carlyle and Sir Walter Scott: Edited by R. H. Horne, Esq., Author of "Cosmo de Medici." "The Death of Marlowe," &c. Richly illustrated with many Hundred Engravings on Wood, after designs by Raffet, Horace Vernet, Jacque, &c.
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